Finnur Magnússon

Minnisljóð.

Kh. 1829.

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Fin

pappírsgerð 2

MINNIS-LJÓD

UM

JÓN MILTON OK JÓN ÞORLÁKSSON

TIL

Herra JÓNS HEATH M. A.

FRÁ ÍSLENDÍNGUM.

THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN MILTON AND JOHN THORLAKSON.

TO

JOHN HEATH M. A.

IN THE NAME OF ICELAND.

Kaupmannahöfn 1829.
Prentuð hjá Hardvíg Fridreki Popp.

Frá heims fyrsta Fagra morgni Mörg ljóðmæli Mannkyn glöddu, Heyrða ek þó anngvan Hærra saung Enn Jóns Miltons Makalausa.	*From the world's* *Fair beginning* *Many lays* *Mankind delighted,* *Yet not I heard* *An higher song* *Than John Milton's* *Matchless tune.*
Blindr Hómerus, Bragsmiðr Grickja, Gaf þeirra goðum Gèð ok mindir; Upp hann hvatti Alexander Veröld at vinna, Vann tign skálda.	*Blind Homeros,* *Bard of Hellas,* *Gave its gods* *Ground and shape,* *He inspired* *Alexander* *Winning the world,* *And won the laurel.*
Blindr Ossían, Bragsmiðr Skota, Qvað um föðrjarðar Fjöll ok hetjur, Menn ok stórvirki, Meyar ok ástir; I sólar láti Ljóð hans dvína.	*Blind Ossian,* *Bard of Albin,* *Sang its mountains,* *Sang its champions,* *Men and deeds,* *Maids and love;* *With the sun* *His song expires.*
Blindr Jón Milton, Bragsmiðr Engla, A hvatast flug Hugi sendi, Yfir Olympus, Yfir Grampa, Hátt yfir sól Ok heiðar stjörnur.	*Blind John Milton,* *Bard of Angul,* *Sent his thoughts* *On swiftest flight* *Over Olympos,* *Over Grampus,* *Sun and stars* *Sunk vanishing.*

Líkams sjónar Svörtust dimma Skínandi sálar Skèrpir augu; Hugr sá Guð I hæðsta sæti, Sá hvat vèr at eins Sjáum í mindum.	*Bodily sight's* *Baleful darkness* *Sharpeneth the eyes* *Of shining soul;* *The Genius saw* *God on his throne,* *He saw what we but* *See in picture.*
Engla, fjendur, Orustur þeirra, Himin ok helju, Heiðr ok smán, Upphaf jarðar, Edens sælu, Foreldra fyrstu Fall ok lausn.	*Angels, demons;* *And their strife,* *Heaven and hell,* *Honour and shame,* *Earth's creation,* *Eden's bliss,* *First of men* *Fallen, redeemed.*
Flutti þat Miltons Frábært qvæði, Prísun Guðs Ok Paradísar, Mærð alheims, Mannkyns saga; Ej í sólar láti Ljóð hans dvína.	*Milton sang* *This matchless chant,* *Praise of God* *And Paradise,* *Mundane epos,* *Man's history,* *Not with the sun* *His song expires.*
Honum þakklát jörð Þakkir gèldr, Ann hans brag Bornum framm I Norðrálfu Öllum málum, Heyrðum ok á ytsta Isalandi.	*Grateful world* *Gives him thanks,* *Loves his lay* *And lets it sound* *In all tongues* *Of Europe,* *Even it is heard* *In Iceland Thule.*
Þar í hreysi, Hreyktu saman, Moldarveggja, I vetrar hríðum, Sat heiðvirðr Sonr skálda, Klerkr fátækr Enn frómlyndr.	*There in a hut,* *Heaped up* *Of turf and stones,* *In stormy winter,* *Sat a worthy* *Son of Scalds,* *Priest of the Lord,* *Poor but sincere.*

Miltons hörpu
Hann þar sló,
Saung við háan
Helgan tón,
I aldrænu
Eddu máli,
Prísun Guðs
Ok Paradísar.

Miltons harp
He there played,
Sang in high
And holy tunes,
In the olden
Edda - speech,
Praise of God
And Paradise.

Fíngur þreyttir
Þulur ritu
A þeim laungu
Aptan - stundum;
Tíru-ljós
Þar leiddi framm
A brèfs völlu
Blómstur skálda.

Weary fingers
Wrote the song
In the long
Evening hours;
Scanty lamp's
Light produced
On paper - plains
Poet's flowers.

Sumur lidu,
Lupu vetrar,
Elli ok sorgir
Sóktu at skáldi,
Bláfátækt
Brjóst hans kreysti
Með ís-greipum
Ok ísarn - nöglum.

Summers went,
Winters ran —
Age and sorrows
Seized the Scald;
Hard Poverty
Pressed his breast
With icy grasps
And iron nails.

Vini mærðar
Mein hans grættu,
Gott þeir gjörðu,
Gátu ej nóg.
Snauðt er land
Und leiðarstjörnu,
Hvar ís ok eldr
Auðnir smíða.

Friends of wit
Felt his pains,
Softened his cares,
They could not more;
Poor is the land
Of polar snow,
Where frost and fire
The fields destroy.

Komu þá frá suðri
Til Snjóvalands
Ferðamenn tveir
Fróðleiks at gæta,
Ráðandi málrúnir
Rask hinn Danski,
Henderson, guðspjöll
Helg at rækja.

Then from the south
To soil of ice
Came travellers
Knowledge seeking,
Recluding languages
Rask the Dane,
Henderson, preserving
Holy gospel.

þeir at Jóns
þorlákssonar
Engilliga rödd
Undraz gjörðu,
Sáu hann sjálfan
Sorgir dylja
Kènnandi skorts
I kotbýli.

They in John,
Son of Thorlak,
Wondering heard
An heavenly singer;
Saw himself
Sorrow disguise,
His woful cot
Want's abode.

Fregnaði bráðum.
Fylkir Dana
Islands skálds
Elli-mæðu;
Friðrekr hjálp
Honum veitti,
Leysti úr nauðum
Lif hálfslokknat.

Soon did know
King of Danes
Iceland's Scald
And his cumber;
Frederick's help
Him relieved,
Freed from need
The fainting singer.

Henderson bað
Breta hlýða
Norðræns Miltons
Megin-hljómi,
Bað þá skorts
Bægja harmi —
Skáld þá glöddu
Gullnar fórnir.

Henderson bade
Britons hear
Noble strains
Of northern Milton,
Bade them ease
His age and wants —
Gifts of gold
Gladdened the Scald.

Bláfátækt
Ur biltu flýði,
Lèttiz andi
Ljóðasmiðar,
Kæti ókunnrar
Kèndi Jón,
þakkaði glaðr
Guði ok mönnum.

Stern Poverty
Startled and fled,
Singer's breast
Breathed lighter,
Unknown joy
John delighted,
Grateful he thanked
God and men.

Æ! til ve-sældar
Var hann borinn;
Gull skírir eldr,
Ofsókn lucku
Skírði hans önd —
Okunn gleði
Sál varð ofþúng,
Hann sýktiz ok dó

Alas! to woe
Was he born;
As fire clears gold
Fortunes envy
Cleared his mind —
He could not bear
Unknown joy,
Sickened and died.

Enn dýr rödd
Deyanda svans
Galdt lof Kóngi
Guðelskanda,
Bar þökk efstu
Bretum góðum,
Heilsaði Guði
Ok himna dýrð.

Yet the dear voice
Of dying swan
Praised his godlike
Gracious king,
Gave his last thanks
To good Britons,
Hailed his God
And heaven's glory.

Ritnir verkar
Reyndrar æfi
Lupu um bygðir,
Lesnir hrörnandi;
Ritnir á ný
þeir rengduz sárla,
Hlaut misskilníng
Skáld at þola.

Written deeds
Of wellspent life
Rambled in huts
Read, but decaying;
Written a new
Wrongs them stained,
Soon must the Bard
Be mistaken.

Dans ok Ingólfs
Arfar þakklátir
Villu verstri
Vildu bægja,
Ritum hans
Hèldu saman,
Lengi þau væntu
Lestrar-tíma.

Danas and Thule's
Thankful sons
Would avert
Worst corruption,
They careful
Collected writs
Waiting long
For lasting shape.

Uns einn hinn besti
Bretlendíngr,
Vinr vísinda,
Veitti styrk,
Nú opinbert
Eddu túnga
Prísar Guð
Ok Paradís.

Till a Briton
Brave and true,
Son of Muses,
Sent his aid; —
Now openly
Edda's speech
Praiseth God
And Paradise.

Senn í öllum
Islands bæum
Miltons ljóð
Munu hljóma;
þökk ok heiðr þat
þannig gèlðr
Bretsku skáldi,
Bretskum vini.

Soon in every
Iceland hut
Miltons lay
Shall loudly sound;
Thanks and honour
Thus it yields
To British Bard
To British friend!

Finnr Magnúšon.